

THE GREAT MARCH STORM.

On What the Prophet Wiggins Bases His Predictions—Storms He has Prognosticated—His Caution to the Princess Louise.

Ottawa Can. Cor. New York Herald.

"I wish I could feel as certain of heaven as I do that a great storm will pass over the country on the 9th-11th of March next," remarked Prof. Wiggins when speaking to your correspondent about his recent predictions.

"I observe that the chief signal officer of the Washington meteorological bureau discredits your prediction, and says it is impossible for you to foreshadow the storm you say will sweep from ocean to ocean next March. What have you to say on the subject?"

"Nothing, but that the storm will come unless the planets stop in their orbits, and that the chief officer of the signal bureau talks of what he knows nothing about; opinions never changed nature's laws."

"Admitting that, will you tell me why you believe, or to be more positive, how you know a great storm will occur in March?"

"Yes; in the same way I know when there will be a lunar or solar eclipse—by the heavenly bodies."

The data on which the storm's period and force are calculated, having been heretofore unobserved by astronomers, and founded partly on observation, would, not even if given, convince the public. People in general are less credulous in believing what they know than what they do not know."

"Why not enlighten them then?"

"Because I wish them to believe to save life and property. The chief reason, however, why they will believe is, that they have known me frequently to foretell storms which have taken place exactly as predicted."

"It is stated that your forecasts have not been made from your knowledge of astronomy, but by 'second sight' and communion with the spirits; what have you to say to that?"

"I will not refer to the many storms I foretold years ago, but to those which you yourself will remember of recent date. Last year I published a letter in the Canadian papers which was subsequently republished in the press of the United States, announcing that a great storm accompanied by hail would pass over the American continent from the southeast on the 25th of June of that year. It was on hand at the hour named, many proofs of which may still be found in a large number of United States cities. It unroofed houses in Washington, blew trains from the railway track, threw down churches and public buildings in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Iowa, and was very destructive in western Canada. In Georgia and Memphiscok, New Brunswick, the hail lay for twenty-four hours six inches deep on the ground. The press both in the United States and Canada were loud in their praises, and the Toronto Mail said that my prediction was fulfilled to the letter."

"I remember the storm to which you refer, as well as the prediction you made of its coming. What other have you anticipated within the last year or so?"

"Early in July last I warned the public through the press that a great storm, with high tides would fall upon the Atlantic, crossing westward on the 13th of September. The storm that day is still, and always will be, painfully remembered by many readers of the Herald. Her majesty's man-of-war, Phoenix, was stranded on the coast of Prince Edward Island, and the propeller, Asia, foundered in Lake Huron with over 100 souls on board."

"Why did the Asia leave Collingwood if, as has been stated, the storm signal of the meteorological service was raised at the port before she left her moorings?"

"The storm signal was not raised. A hurricane was blowing at the time and the passengers implored the captain not to leave port until the storm abated. Many of them had read my prognostications and were anxious to give me the benefit of the doubt and accept them as likely to be realized. To their appeal the captain pointed to the signal-tower and said: 'The signal is not up; there will be no storm.'"

"Have you predicted any other heavy storms, professor?" asked your correspondent.

"Several others. In July last I published a warning of a heavy storm which would cross this meridian from the east on the 13th of December, and it came, as you know to the minute. I see by the Herald that the tides on the Newfoundland coast were higher in that storm than ever before known, the damage all over the Atlantic being very great. I only foretold great storms, for it is only in these that the public, especially seamen, are interested; and I have never predicted one that did not come within a few hours of the time stated. On the sea-coast,

where there are no mountain chains to obstruct, I can give the true time to a minute."

"You say we are in the midst of a heavy storm period. When will the next heavy storm appear?"

"From the 13th of September last to the middle of April next is the most remarkable period for great storms I have ever known. A storm a good deal above the average will happen in January, but a very severe one will strike the Atlantic on the 9th of February. In view of the proposed visit of the Princess Louise to Bermuda, I have written to Lord Lorne advising him that her Royal Highness should not be at sea on the 9th of February."

"Do you anticipate this storm being as severe as the one you predicted for March?"

"By no means, for the latter will be one of the greatest of the present century."

"Where will it be at its greatest force?"

"On this meridian circle. It may break immediately south of India, but there are three chances to one that it will be strongest on this side of the earth—that is, in the vicinity of Bermuda and the Gulf of Mexico. Of course it will be felt all over the world from sea to sea and from pole to pole."

"If the storm does not come," remarked your correspondent, as he started to withdraw, "you will—"

"I am like the Scotch piper," said the professor, before the interrogation was finished, when asked by the Russian emperor to play a retreat. "Nae, nae, I do nae ken that"—he had never learned it. To me the storm is as much a fact as if I saw its wings expanded upon the sea. The fact is, the press is thrusting me through a storm much more trying than those which can arise out of any displacement of the elements."

ROOSTER AND COON.

Origin of Democratic, Whig and Republican Symbols—Their Political Significance.

The Pittsburg Post Democratic, which ought to know all about the subject, says: We have received since the election a number of inquiries as to the origin of rooster as a symbol of Democratic success at the polls, and also of the coon as the political trade mark of the opposition.

Away back in the forties—we believe about 1844, so the story goes—the Democratic organ in Indiana was conducted by Bird B. Chapman, a politician of some repute. It was a season of political activity, and the Democrats were rather despondent, as the tide seemed against them. At some local election preliminary to the general election in the State, the Democrats unexpectedly scooped the Whigs, and a letter from an active Democrat communicating the views to the editor began with the injunction, "Crow, Chapman, crow."

Shure enough, Chapman did crow, and using these lines as a head-line in his next day's issue, first introduced the Democratic rooster as the harbinger of victory. The idea was a taken one, and the symbol was quickly accepted and came into general use—at least when the Democrats gained something to crow over. The roosters after election are anxiously looked for, and their non-appearance has come to tell the story of the ballot-box as well as their dress parade in columns of States, as in 1874, 1875 and 1882. They are great favorites, these roosters, with the newsboys, and always insure them a harvest of nickels.

The coon was more of a Whig than it is a Republican symbol, although our friends of the Gazette have a fat and cunning one in reserve, of unmistakable larcenous propensities, which they trot out whenever the voters give them a chance. Its last appearance was when Maine went Republican in September, but October and November ballots drove it back to its den, very likely for along rest and scanty rations. The coon was one of the properties of the log cabin and hard cider campaigns of 1840, when the enthusiasm of the Whigs found vent in all sorts of odd conceits.

It was the fashion in that canvass to construct log cabin for political meetings, and in backwoods style a coon skin was nailed along side of the cabin door to be cured or dried. This is a common sight now in coon-hunting regions of the mountains of this State. In 1840 it was supposed to symbolize frontier life and the incidents of "Old Tippecanoe's" pioneer days. It was a marked and effective contrast to the gold spoons Ogie and Somerset located in the White House as the common adornment of Mr. Van Buren's table. The coon, we judge, was first applied by the Democrats to the Whigs as a matter to commemorate their occasional successes.

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ROUGH SKETCHES.

Of a Few United States Senators, as Seen from the Reporters' Gallery.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

Last Wednesday I accepted an invitation from George Gilliland, a Washington correspondent of the Enquirer, to take a look at the United States senate from the reporters' gallery. Here are a few rough sketches of several statesmen more or less known throughout the nation. If they are not as accurate as might be you can attribute it to the distance at which they were scanned.

Ingalls, of Kansas, is the best talker on the Republican side of the senate. Tall, slim, with iron-gray hair and eye-glasses on, wearing a close-fitting black frock coat, tightly buttoned over his rather slim chest, he looks like a minister of the gospel. He has a pleasant smile, and seems to be well liked by his colleagues.

Don Cameron, of Pennsylvania, is quite a young-looking senator, but he wears eye-glasses. His sandy mustache, bristling out from beneath a rather prominent and well-shaped nose, gives him a strong profile. He is getting a bald spot on the back part of his head, which shows that he is no longer a spring chicken. When addressing the chair his words fail to reach the reporters' gallery.

Angus Cameron, of Wisconsin, has a marked physiognomy. Face florid and rather inclined to the haten-shaped order, a retreating forehead; head innocent of hair, save around the base, prominent nose, and his mustache snow-white like his hair, he looks like an old trooper who has seen much service. He dresses neatly in black clothes, and wears eye-glasses.

The profile of Morrill, of Vermont, would remind you of the late Charles Sumner. He sits between Don Cameron and Anthony, of Rhode Island, with his head drooping forward and his fingers interlocked on his lap. His hair is iron-gray, and quite abundant, and he wears slight side whiskers of the same shade. He looks like a well-fed bank president.

Van Wyck, of Nebraska, who has just been presented by his estimable wife with an eleven-pound baby for a New Year's gift, is an active-looking, chirpy, iron-gray haired man, with a penetrating voice that can easily be heard all over the chamber.

There comes Gen. Logan, of Illinois who takes a seat right beneath Van Wyck's hand as it is outstretched in debate. Logan, with his straight, black hair, swarthy complexion and his black mustache, with a few gray hairs in it, keeps up his reputation of being one of the most distinguished-looking statesmen in the senate. The most noticeable article of dress is a large watch chain displayed at his ample breadth of vest.

Allison, of Iowa, who is flanked on either side by Ingalls and Angus Cameron, and who, by the way, is more likely to be struck by presidential lightning than most any man on the republican side of the senate, is a substantial looking citizen. He doesn't look to be over forty-five. His short, rather sandy beard is slightly streaked with gray, but his hair, of which he has a good quantity, is a shade darker. He is an able debater, and when his antagonists think they have him in a tight place he jumps in and turns the tables.

Jones, of Nevada, the millionaire senator, would be noticed most anywhere from his size. It's true, he doesn't look very imposing just now, sprawled out on his desk, with his head resting on his hand, but when he straightens up and you get a look at his long white whiskers and bald head you will see a very presentable person. He speaks but seldom.

Mahone, of Virginia, has just taken a seat to the right of Jones, of Nevada. He comes in with a cigar between his fingers, and with a white soft felt hat doubled up and clutched in his right hand. He is not bigger than a pound of soap after a hard day's wash, and is no way distinguished looking. With thin face, hollow cheeks, gray mustache and long grizzled whiskers, with a little tuft of dark hair in the midst of a big bald spot, which reminds you of Stump McKenna. He is about the last man that you would expect to do or say anything that would render him famous outside of his township. He combs his hair straight behind his ears.

Sawyer, of Wisconsin, who sat for the original of Florence's "Bardwell Slote," is a very large man, and is over sixty. As he sits there in his chair, with gold spectacles on and reading a paper, with his broad healthy looking cheeks, glistening bald head, rim of white hair, and snow-white short chin whiskers, he is the beau ideal of a retired butcher, well fed and at peace with all the world.

Anthony, of Rhode Island, is the oldest member of the senate. He is a comfortable looking, well-dressed old gentleman. He has plenty of bushy gray hair, that sticks straight up like

quills upon the fretful porcupine, and his chin whiskers, still lighter in shade than his hair, vibrates when he speaks just like an infuriated billy-goat. He wears no moustache, and dresses in black.

Ben Harrison, of Indiana, looks like a slick superintendent of a Sunday-school. He is short and slight, with pale hair, muddy complexion, with one side of his chin whiskers almost entirely white. He seems very attentive to debate, but doesn't get on his feet much. His chief claim to distinction is the fact that he is the grandson of a former president of the United States.

Lapham, the stalwart from New York, sits alone away off on the left, and appears to be busy engaged in reading. He is quite a striking-looking old party, and appears to feel very kindly toward himself. His face is a strong one. Broad, high forehead, mutton-chop white whiskers, prominent, well shaped nose, smooth upper lip, and very sparse white hair, with a streak of dark on top, and with an amplitude of shirt front, and a fine textured coat with a big velvet collar, he makes a pleasant, fatherly, well-to-do looking picture.

Williams, of Kentucky "old Cerro Gordo" makes up pretty well. With a well brushed, glossy dark wig and curly, and dressed in black, he presents a very nice appearance. His mustache, slight and gray, a little curl, a la Conkling, on his rather good shaped and ample forehead, he compares favorably in facial gifts with any of the boys. He keeps working his jaws constantly, but not in talk—it must be tobacco.

Brown of Georgia, as he sits there writing, makes a good picture of the late Horace Greeley about the time he was running for the presidency. Old Joe is not a bit handsome, but he would attract attention about as quick as any member on the floor. Like so many of his colleagues, his hair has deserted the top of his head: that remaining on either side is very thin and long, and is combed straight over his ears. His whiskers are snow-white, and are worn in such a way that they look like they were put on last for the occasion, and are hanging by a string. Joe seems to be proud of his bursate adornment, and lovingly strokes it as he rises to speak, or sits reading in his seat.

Mr. Vest of Missouri is said to be the best talker in the senate on the Democratic side. He is a bright, alert, active man, and in form greatly resembles Tom Logan. His face is handsome than Tom's though. Mr. Vest has a large, good-shaped head. He's an orator born and bred. The only thing noticeable about Mr. Vest's habiliments is the wide expanse of shirt-front, snow-white and aggressive. He seems to be proud of his fine linen, and as he sits cocked up in an easy position it appears that he has obeyed the injunction "pull down your vest," thus leaving the shirt to roam at will.

Vance of North Carolina, the witliest member of the senate, has a magnificent suit of fine gray hair, but has a young face and a love of a mustache. He affects stand-up collars, and is partial to nose-glasses.

Beck of Kentucky, as viewed from the reporters' gallery, looks a good deal like our own George Pendleton, who sits near him. At close range, however, you will see that he is not as handsome as "Gentleman George," though not so gray about the chin, nor so thin-haired. He is of medium height, wears gaud clothes that fit him and is a first-class looking man all round.

Voorhees of Indiana is one of the brainiest and handsomest members in the senate. The manding presence, pointed beard of a reddish cast, a straight nose and a good crop of hair that appears to be always on the rampage. He dresses plainly, though neatly.

Hampton of South Carolina (Gen. Wade Hampton) one of the confederate heroes, is a distinguished looking man—portly, with a high forehead, florid face and large mustache that has grown gray rapidly since the war. He somewhat resembles Kaiser Wilhelm though he is not so aged in appearance. He still walks lane.

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